

THE
HISTORIE OF

Henrie the fourth.



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*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle of
Westmerland, with others.*

King.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath short winded accents of new broiles
To be commene't in stronds a farre remote:
No more the thirstie entrance of this soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens
No more shal' trenching Warre channel her fields, (blood
Nor bruse her flourets with the armed hooves
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall wel-beseeming ranckes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of warre, like an ill-sheathed Knife,
No more shall cut his Maister: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Christ,
Whose souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse,
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,
Foorthwith a power of *English* shall we leuy,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chase these *Pagans* in those holy fieldes,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed fecte,

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